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The Spoilers.

By REX E. BEACH.

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CHAPTER XX—CONTINUED

He found himself out in the rain, scanning the trampled soil by light of his lamp, and discerned tracks which the drizzle had not yet erased. He reasoned mechanically that the two riders could have no great start of him, so strode out beyond the house to see if they had gone farther into the hills. There were no tracks here, therefore they must have doubled back toward town. It did not occur to him that they might have left the beaten path and followed down the little creek to the river; but, replacing the light where he had found it, he remounted and lashed his horse into a stiff canter up toward the divide that lay between him and the city. The story was growing plainer to him, though as yet he could not piece it all together. Its possibilities stabbed him with such horror that he cried out aloud and beat his steed into faster time with both hands and feet. To think of those two ruffians fighting over this girl as though she were the spoils of pillage! He must overtake the kid—he would! The possibility that he might not throw him into such unbecomable mental chaos that he was forced to calm himself. Men went mad that way. He could not think of it. That grasping creature in the roadhouse spoke all too well of the Bronco's determination. And yet, who of those who had known the kid in the past would dream that his villainous was so after this?

Away to the right, hidden among the shadowed hills, his friends rested themselves for the coming battle, waiting impatiently for his return and timing it to the rising sun. Down in the valley to his left were the two he followed, he, obsessed and unreasoning, now cursing like a madman, now grim and silent, spurred southward toward town and into the ranks of his enemies.

CHAPTER XXI.

DAY was breaking as Glenister came down the mountain. With the first light he halted to scan the trail, and, having no means of knowing that the fresh tracks he found were not those of the two riders he followed, he urged his lathered horse ahead till he became suddenly conscious that he was very tired and had not slept for two days and nights. The recollection did not reassure the young man, for his body was a weapon which must not fail in the slightest measure now that there was work to do. Even the unrelenting speculation upon his physical handicap offered relief, however, from the agony which fed upon him whenever he thought of Helen in the gambler's hands. Meanwhile the horse, growling at his master's violence, plunged onward toward the roofs of Noma, now growing gray in the first dawn.

It seemed years since Roy had seen the sunlight, for this night, burdened with suspense, had been endlessly long. His body was faint beneath the strain, and yet he rode on and on, tired, dogged, stony, his eyes set toward the sea, his mind a storm of formless, whirling thoughts, beneath which was an unrelenting, implacable determination.

He knew now that he had sacrificed all hope of the Midas, and likewise the hope of Helen was gone; in fact, he began to realize dimly that from the beginning he had never had the possibility of winning her, that she had never been destined for him and that his love for her had been sent as a light by which he was to find himself. He had failed everywhere; he had become an outlaw; he had fought and gone down, certain only of his rectitude and the mastery of his unruly spirit. Now the hour had come when he would perform his last mission, deriving therefrom that satisfaction which the gods could not deny. He would have his vengeance.

The scheme took form without conscious effort on his part and embraced two things—the death of the gambler and a meeting with McNamara. Of the former, he had no more doubt than that the sun rising there would sink in the west. So well confirmed was this belief that the details did not engage his thought; but on the result of the other encounter he speculated with some interest. From the first McNamara had been a riddle to him, and mystery breeds curiosity. His blind, instinctive hatred of the man had assumed the proportions of a mania; but as to what the outcome would be when they met face to face, fate alone could tell. Anyway, McNamara should never have Helen—Roy believed his mission covered that point as well as her deliverance from the Bronco Kid. When he had finished, he would pay the price. If he had the luck to escape, he would go back to his hills and his solitude; if he did not, his future would be in the hands of his enemies.

He entered the silent streets unobserved, for the mist was heavy and low. Smoke columns arose vertically in the still air. The rain had ceased, having beaten down the waves which rumbled against the beach, filling the streets with their subdued thunder. A ship anchored in the offing, had run in from the lee of Sledge Island with the first light, while midway to the shore a tender was rising and falling, its oars flashing like the silvered feck of a sea insect crawling upon

the surface of the ocean. He rode down Front street heedless of danger, heedless of the common his appearance might create, and, unseen, entered his enemy's stronghold. He passed a gambling hall, through the windows of which came a sickly yellow gleam. A man came out unsteadily and stared at the horseman, then passed on.

Glenister's plan was to go straight to the Northern and from there to track down its owner relentlessly, but in order to reach the place his course led him past the office of Dunham & Strive. This brought back to his mind the man dying out there ten miles at his back. The scantiest humanity demanded that assistance be sent at once. Yet he dared not give word openly, thus betraying his presence, for it was necessary that he maintain his liberty during the next hour at all hazards. He suddenly thought of an excellent and refined in his horse, which stepped with wide spread legs and dejected head while he dismounted and climbed the stairs to leave a note upon the door. Some one would see the message shortly and recognize its urgency.

In dressing for the battle at the Midas on the previous night he had replaced his leather boots with "muck-luks," which are waterproof, light and pliable footwear made from the skin of seal and walrus. He was thus able to move as noiselessly as though in moccasins. Finding neither pencil nor paper in his pocket, he tried the outer door of the office, to find it unlocked. He stepped inside and listened, then moved toward a table on which were writing materials, but in doing so heard a rustle in Strive's private office. Evidently his soft soles had not disturbed the man inside. Roy was about to tiptoe out as he had come when the hidden man cleared his throat. It is in these involuntary sounds that the voice retains its natural quality more distinctly even than in speaking. A strange eagerness grew in Glenister's face, and he approached the partition stealthily. It was of wood and glass, the panes etched and opaque to a height of some six feet; but, stepping upon a chair, he peered into the room beyond. A man knelt in a litter of papers before the open safe, its drawers and compartments removed and their contents scattered. The watcher lowered himself, drew his gun, and laid soft hand upon the doorknob, turning the latch with firm fingers. His vengeance had come to meet him.

After lying in wait during the long night, certain that the vigilantes would spring his trap, McNamara was astounded at news of the battle at the Midas and of Glenister's success. He stormed and cursed his men as cowards. The judge became greatly exercised over this new development, which, coupled with his night of long anxiety, reduced him to a pitiful hysteria.

"They'll blow us up next. Great heavens! Dynamite! Oh, that is barbarous. For heaven's sake, get the soldiers out, Alec."

"Ay, we can use them now." Thereupon McNamara raised the commanding officer at the post and requested him to reconvert a troop and have them ready to march at daylight, then he stirred the judge to start the wheels of his court and invade this military aid in regular fashion.

"Make it all a matter of record," he said. "We want to keep our skirts clear from now on."

"But the townspeople are against us," quavered Stillman. "They'll tear us to pieces."

"Let 'em try. Once I get my hand on the ringleader, the rest may riot and be damned."

Although he had made less display than had the judge, the receiver was no less worried about Helen, of whom no news came. His jealousy, fanned to red heat by the discovery of her earlier defection, was enhanced fourfold by the thought of this last adventure. Something told him there was treachery afoot, and when she did not return at dawn he began to fear that she had cast in her lot with the rioters. This aroused a perfect delirium of doubt and anger till he reasoned further that Strive, having gone with her, must also be a traitor. He recognized the menace in this fact, knowing the man's venality, so began to reckon carefully its significance. What could Strive do? What proof had he? McNamara started and, seizing his hat, hurried straight to the lawyer's office and let himself in with the key he carried. It was light enough for him to decipher the characters on the safe lock as he turned the combination, so he set to work scanning the endless bundles within, hoping that after all the man had taken with him no incriminating evidence. Once the searcher paused at some fancied sound, but when nothing came of it drew his revolver and laid it before him just inside the safe door and close beneath his hand, continuing to run through the documents while his mindless in creased. He had been engaged so for some time when he heard the faintest creak at his back, too slight to alarm and just sufficient to break his tension and cause him to jerk his head about. Framed in the open door stood Roy Glenister watching him.

(To Be Continued)

BARK FOONG SUEY DELAYED BY DISEASE

Crew Helpless With Beriberi And Exposure

The British bark Foong Suey, Captain Willet, 169 days from Honolulu, sugar-laden, dropped anchor in the bay of the Delaware Capes last night, and thus ended one of the most remarkable sea voyages ever recorded, says the Philadelphia Telegram of Oct. 8.

When the Foong Suey left the Hawaiian port on April 19 it was estimated that she would make the passage in about ninety to one hundred days, but in making these calculations that dreaded sickness that is prevalent aboard deep-sea vessels—beriberi—was not taken into consideration.

One hundred days passed, then a worse more, and never a word was heard of the bark. Her owners nor her agents here did not fear for her safety. They knew she was a clipper ship, built of steel, and they reasoned that head seas and calm spells were holding her back.

On September 13 a bark under half sail was discerned making the port of San Juan, Porto Rico. Her course to an anchorage was fraught with danger, because it was plainly seen that no practised hand was at the helm. As she got closer to view it was seen that the bark was flying a signal of distress, and as quickly as possible a shore boat put out to the vessel.

The boarding party went aboard the bark and found conditions that almost horrified them. The crew were lying about the spar deck like a lot of cattle, some of them in the last throes of death. Beriberi in its worst form was in possession of the ship. Even the captain was stricken and the man who was doing his best at the wheel was suffering the pangs of hunger and want of nourishment that comes to a sufferer from the awful disease.

NEW CREW SHIPPED.

The bark was quickly brought to an anchor and the crew turned over to the care of the Marine Hospital authorities. The vessel and its cargo underwent fumigation.

The story as told by Captain Willet, printed on the ears of his listeners. He told how his men, one by one fell victims to the disease which renders powerless the use of the limbs. He did the best he could to relieve his crew with medicine from the cabin chest, but he failed to stop the progress of the epidemic which eventually laid low all the crew excepting the man discovered at the wheel and the cook, who while ill too, was not as badly off as the others.

The Foong Suey remained at San Juan one week and during that time a new crew was secured and she set sail for the Delaware Capes to await orders from her owners. Last night the bark dropped anchor inside the lee of Cape Henlopen and was at once taken in charge by the physician in charge of the National Quarantine station at Lewes, Del.

Some of the new crew, it is said, have also been stricken with the disease, and it is the intention of the quarantine officials to remove the entire new crew to the station at Reedy Island and make them spend the period of incubation under their care. The vessel and cargo will again be subjected to fumigation.

SPORTS

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In a game of baseball played yesterday at Puna park, the team of Levy & Co. defeated the team of May & Co. by the score of 12 to 11.

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Levy & Co. 210200520—12
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J. M. Levy & Co.—F. Joseph, M. R. Freitas, J. Machado, J. Joseph, F. Figueiredo, M. Dejeante, J. Gomes, Almeida, J. Louis.

H. May & Co.—Marshall, Ornelas, Alex. May, J. Furtado, Awana, M. Costa, J. Rodrigues, Makuahia, M. Costa.

Struck out by M. R. Freitas 9, Ornelas 5, M. Dejeante 7.

Y. M. C. A. ENTERTAINMENT

The monthly round-up was held at the Y. M. C. A. last evening and a good crowd was on hand to enjoy the program arranged by Mr. Super.

There was a boxing bout between R. A. Robbins and Wm. Holster, which was declared a draw.
Sam Johnson, Ben Clarke, J. E. Gundison and Ed. Chandler did some good stunts on the bar.
The Japs did a wrestling bout which was very amusing. Trick bicycle riding was also indulged in.

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